





# THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.

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**JOHN P. SLOAN,** President  
**W. W. SHARP,** Sec'y & Treas.  
**HARRY E. PRICE,** Business Manager

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## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$3.00  
Six Months.....1.50  
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cents per week.  
Communications of public interest are al-  
ways welcome, but as an exchange of good  
ideas and not necessarily for publication,  
they are not held by the author's signature.

## TELEPHONES

Bell 76      Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press-  
Associating

## Advertising Rates:

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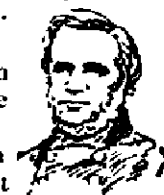
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## Local Agencies

**Geo. S. Migh**.....Charleroi  
**Clyde Collins**.....Speers  
**M. Dooley**.....Dunlevy  
**Justus Clements**.....Lock No. 1

## June 15 in History.

1215—Magna Charta signed  
by King John.  
1775—George Washington  
took command of the  
American army.  
1871—Commodore Josiah  
Tattnall, prominent  
Confederate naval  
officer, died; born  
1795.  
1900—Foreign troops forbidden to enter  
Pekin by imperial edict.  
1907—Second international peace con-  
gress opened at The Hague.



Commodore  
Tattnall

## ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:23, rises 4:24; moon rises  
8:55 p. m.; moon's age 17 days; moon  
farthest south; moon at descending  
node, crossing sun's path downward;  
10:04 p. m., moon in conjunction with  
Uranus, passing from west to east of  
the planet.

The approach of the new trolley  
line to Brownville leads the Clipper-  
Monitor to say:

Two events of the week that mean  
much for the community the ordering  
of a new school house for North  
Brownville and the near approach of  
the trolley. Thus education and im-  
proved transportation go hand in hand.  
The new site selected for the school  
—the Campment, in Brownville, is one  
of the most historic spots we have.  
It had been improved by the hand of  
man when the Indian was an immigrant.  
A race lost and forgotten now first  
turned the sod on "Yonder Hill" for  
what purpose, worship or defense,  
perhaps we shall never know.

They left no monuments, no written  
history. Only mounds and walls of  
earth remained when the soldiers of  
the crown came and now the bones of  
the long since dead mingle with the  
common clay. If the shades of all  
who trod that spot could come to us  
in one long troop what a mighty  
throng 'twould be.

Perhaps the new site will not please  
everyone but at any rate it must be  
conceded to have the merit of the  
richest historical associations.

## Strength of Rings.

Some elaborate calculations, backed  
by experiments, have been made in  
England to determine the breaking  
strength of rings. It appears that a  
ring of ductile metal, like malleable  
iron, will be pulled out into the form  
of a long link before it breaks and that  
the ultimate strength of the ring is  
virtually independent of its diameter.  
Fracture finally occurs as the result of  
almost pure tension, and the resistance  
to breaking is a little less than twice  
that of a rod of the same cross section  
subjected to a straight pull. As the  
ring increases in diameter there ap-  
pears to be a slight approach toward  
equality, with double the strength of  
a bar. Thus a three inch ring, made  
of three-quarter inch iron, broke at  
nineteen and one-half tons, a four inch  
ring at nineteen and nine-tenths tons  
and a six inch ring at twenty tons, the  
strength of a bar of the same metal  
being ten and one-half tons.

## Vindication.

The Lady (to hastily retreating bur-  
glar)—Pardon me, but won't you please  
wait till my husband sees you? I told  
him there was one in the house,  
and he said "Rubbish!"—Harper's Ba-  
zarr.

A good countenance is a letter of  
recommendation.—Fielding.

## CHURCH TOWERS.

They Are a Distinctive Feature of the  
Mexican View.

There is no country better worth visit-  
ing than Mexico. It is very striking  
in crossing the border from the United  
States to note how completely every-  
thing changes. Here there hardly  
seems anything man has constructed  
which harmonizes with its surround-  
ings; there everything seems to be en-  
tirely a part of the country. It is  
more foreign than Europe is now and  
constantly reminds one of the east.  
Riding in some of the little traveled  
districts, I could hardly believe that I  
was not in India. The dust in the  
road, the thorn scrub on both sides,  
with that pungent smell of the blossoms,  
all reminded me of the country  
about Ahmedabad. The plateau in  
winter, the dry season, is very much  
like the desert—long stretches of coun-  
try, with purple mountains in the dis-  
tance, without a tree in sight except  
where there is a town or where ir-  
rigation has kept a little green and a  
few trees have been planted. Often  
the horizon is so distant that the  
mountains melt into the sky, and per-  
haps one catches a glimpse of the snow  
on one of the volcanoes. The color is  
that of its own Mexican opal—greens,  
blues and reds.

Everywhere the distinctive features  
are the church towers and tiled domes  
rising above the towns. The exteriors  
of these churches are always pictur-  
esque and interesting, but the interiors  
are usually disappointing, for they  
have suffered much during many revolu-  
tions and perhaps even more from  
senseless renovations. There are a  
few still untouched, where one can see  
them as nearly all were once, entirely  
covered with richly carved wood heav-  
ily gilded. Gold was used thickly ev-  
erywhere till the carving looked like  
solid metal. I have seen much gold in  
churches, but none to equal that in  
Mexico.—Lockwood de Forest in Cen-  
tury.

## NO ALTERNATIVE.

The Jury Had to Teach the Pompous  
Judge a Lesson.

A certain trial judge in a certain  
state became so unpopular that the  
only way he could get a verdict for the  
state was to make his charge in favor  
of the prisoner. When matters had  
reached this stage a famous feud fight-  
er was arrested on a charge of murder  
and brought to trial. The case, which  
was the judge's first murder trial, at-  
tracted much attention, and the judge,  
whose unpopularity arose from his  
vanity and pomposity, greatly enjoyed  
his role as umpire of the law. The  
case was a clear one against the de-  
fendant, and his guilt was so conclu-  
sively proved that the judge even pre-  
sumed to charge accordingly. The  
jury retired, and when they filed back  
into court it was noticed that they  
avoided the prisoner's eye and looked  
unusually solemn.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, varing  
the clerk into silence, "have you  
reached a verdict?"

"We have," said the foreman.

The judge opened a paper bag and  
drew out a black cap. With an im-  
portant look around the courtroom he  
placed this on his head and pulled it  
down until it met his ears.

"Prisoner," he said, "arise and look  
at the jury. Jury, arise and look at the  
prisoner. Gentlemen, what is your  
verdict?"

The jurymen, who had been whisper-  
ing to each other, nodded cheerfully  
at the prisoner.

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

"Of course," he said later, when ev-  
ery one had shaken the innocent man's  
hand, "he was guilty all right, and  
that was going to be our verdict, but  
when the little judge put that black  
cap on his head and pulled it down  
over his ears like that there was only  
one thing for us to do, and we did it."  
—New York Sun.

## Graveyard Neighbors.

The agent for a cemetery company  
was expatiating on the good points of  
a certain lot. Recently the prospective  
purchaser interrupted with the enu-  
meration of several prominent fami-  
lies owning property there.

"Is this lot near theirs?" she asked.

The agent admitted that it was quite  
a distance off.

"Then," said the woman, "I don't  
want it. I'd rather pay more and get  
in a good neighborhood."

The agent collapsed.

"Has it come to the point," he said,  
"where people consider their next door  
neighbors even in a graveyard?"—New  
York Sun.

## Business Sense.

In new lines of goods is where the  
profits lie. The old standbys that ev-  
ery dealer keeps have the prices all cut  
to pieces on them. Get the new things  
ahead of the other fellows and make  
money on them. Frequent change of  
the arrangement of your show cases  
gives the effect of new goods received.  
The same old arrangement month in  
and month out, no matter how many  
new goods, looks like the same old  
stock.—Printers' Ink.

## Persuasive.

"Your wife is somewhat strong mind-  
ed, isn't she, Littlejohn?"  
"Strong minded?" A furniture polish  
peddler came here yesterday and in  
five minutes she sold him some polish  
she had made herself.—London Tele-  
graph.

## An Easy Way.

One of the easiest and most effective  
ways of escaping the hardships of  
prison abuses is found in the simple  
old process of keeping out of prison.—  
Chicago Record-Herald.

Honor the tree that gives you shelter,  
—Danish.

## Among the Exchanges

The Connellsville Courier is lifting  
up a proper voice about the competi-  
tion of "washed coal" as follows.  
What it says the coal interests will do  
well to heed:

The Technological Branch of the  
United States Geological Survey  
tells us nothing new nor startling  
when it says that coal of poor quality  
may be made valuable for fuel or  
cooking purposes by washing it.

The practice has been in common  
use in this section of Pennsylvania for  
some years past, but on a small scale  
because of the fact that we had so  
much coal of such a superior character  
that washing was wholly unnecessary.  
Moreover it was so relatively cheap  
in price that the coke made from  
washed coals could not compete with  
it. The cost of washing added too  
largely to the expense of production.

But since Connellsville coke has be-  
come more valuable, and until recently  
has sold so high, the washing of  
poor coal has been resumed with good  
results. The Dunbar Furnace Com-  
pany has been getting excellent coke  
from its Freeport coal seam after  
washing it, and while the process in-  
volves some expense the furnace com-  
pany has been able to produce excel-  
lent coke at low cost.

A serious objection to the washing  
of coal, however, is continued in the  
pollution of the streams involved in  
the process.

Apropos of the many burglaries  
leads the Donora American to suggest  
the following sensible idea:

The number of burglaries during  
the past few months in Donora and  
surrounding towns calls for some  
united and vigorous action on the part  
of the authorities. For the past three  
or four months these amateur house-  
breakers have been operating in the  
different communities of this vicinity,  
with varying success. Their actions  
have clearly shown that they are not  
professionals, but they will learn with  
a little more practice.

Aside from reporting the matter to  
the local police, no well outlined pol-  
icy has been adopted to clean them  
up. One night they appear in Dor-  
ora, the next in Monongahela, and  
then they bob up at some other place.

After a rest of a few days, they  
start over again.

In their last raid here, they carried  
no tools, but borrowed some crude in-  
struments at each place to gain en-  
trance. They left tracks that should  
make their detection possible and not  
difficult, provided some expert were  
put on the trail.

It seems to the writer that it  
would be a good plan for the borough  
councils of Donora, Monessen, Charleroi  
and Monongahela to confer on a propo-  
sition to employ detectives to follow  
up the burglaries and round up the  
gangs. The aggregate amount of their  
raids here would reach several  
hundred dollars.

One of the former victims has  
already placed a notice in the hands  
of detectives, but an individual can  
hardly afford the expense of a thorough  
investigation of this series of crimes.  
The whole community is in jeopardy,  
and the whole community will benefit  
in a capture. A reward of \$500 offer-  
ed by the four large towns of the sec-  
tion would be an incentive for active  
work on the part of a detective agen-  
cy.

Congressman James Francis Burke  
is reported by Chicago dispatches to  
be determined to press on the Repub-  
lican convention the question of re-  
forming its basis of representation.  
His proposal is to give each State  
four delegates at large and then rep-  
resentation according to Republican  
vote, one delegate to each 10,000  
votes. No intelligent man can dis-  
pute the justice and fairness of this.  
It was as patently just and fair 25  
years ago when first proposed as it is  
now, except that the current manifes-  
tations present and extreme illu-  
stration of the iniquity. It certainly  
cannot make for party strength or  
progress to have a nomination for a  
great party decided by delegates from  
States that will not give an electoral  
vote to the candidate, or to give the  
primary integer of the party in the  
South from ten to forty times as  
great a representation as the primary  
integer in the North.

Yet for some inscrutable reason  
practical politicians have persisted in  
keeping intact the power lodged in the  
hands of groups that have got pos-  
session of the party organization in  
the South. It is a scandal that it  
should continue, but the precedents in-  
dicate that Mr. Burke's effort will,  
if persisted in, be skillfully sidetrack-  
ed.—Dispatch.

## Looking Backward.

A Mississippi official tells of a col-  
ored citizen of that state who gave a  
justice of the peace a big fat possum  
as a wedding fee.

A year after the justice on meeting  
the dork asked:  
"Joe, how do you like married life?"  
"Well, sah," answered Joe ruefully,  
"all I kin say is I wish I'd eat dat pos-  
sum."

## OSBORNE PITCHES

## ELEGANT

(Continued from first page)

was over. Osborne could have scored  
on the drive but took no chances and  
when Elliott beafed one he walked  
home and Cosgrove took third. Heinz  
decided there was no harm in hitting  
and sent Cosgrove home and Elliott to  
third from where he scored on Dunn's  
single. The inning was brought to a  
speedy close when Heinz and Houser  
went out on a double play engineered  
by Dempsey and Smith. Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, J.....	2	0	0	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	1	2	1	4	0
Elliott, 1.....	1	1	3	0	0
Heinz, 1.....	1	2	13	0	0
Dunn, 3.....	0	1	3	6	1
Houser, 3.....	0	1	0	3	0
Willig, m.....	0	1	0	0	0
May, c.....	1	0	5	0	0
Osborne, p.....	1	1	1	3	0
Totals	6	10	27	16	1

SCOTTSDALE	R	H	P	A	E
Ferguson, 2.....	1	1	1	3	0
McKenna, m.....	0	0	0	0	0
James, r.....	0	0	1	0	0
Washer, l.....	0	0	1	0	0
Conay's, 1.....	0	1	7	0	0
Smith, 3.....	0	0	3	2	0
Claybor, s.....	0	2	3	2	0
Cadogan, c.....	0	0	3	3	0
Dempsey, c.....	0	1	1	0	0
Humphries, p.....	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	1	3	24	13	2

Charleroi.....0 0 0 1 0 0 1 4 x-6  
Scottdale.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1

Two-base hits—Humphries, Fergu-  
son. Sacrifice hits—Nally, Cosgrove,  
Elliott. Stolen bases—Claybor, Demp-  
sey and Smith. Hit by pitcher—  
Smith. Base on balls—Off Osborne  
1. Struck out—By Osborne 3, by  
Humphries 8. Wild pitch—Humph-  
ries. Umpire—McGeary.

## Victory.

Strike tuh!

Osborne was in good form.

Humphries and Fergusons doubles  
should have been singles.

Humphries seemed to lose his nerve  
in the eighth.

How about his umps. Must have  
come in on the last load of hay and  
hitched around the corner, judging  
from a few of his decisions.

From Saturdays exhibition the  
Cherubs are rounding in old time  
form.

The first time up Smith stepped in-  
to one and struck at it and his umps  
gave him his base. On his next visit  
to the pan he tried the same thing but  
McGeary called him out.

Smith deliberately walked from  
second to third in the second inning,  
while Osborne held the ball.

"Sunny" Price has signed with the  
Cokers, joining the team Saturday.

Dunn looks good at short.

Heinz twisted his wrist in sliding  
home but finished the game just the  
same.

One hour and thirty minutes.  
Pretty good time.

Willig made an elegant catch of  
Humphries drive in the third.

Who was it that spoke so loud  
about James? He looked very punk  
in Saturday's game.

## EXPERIMENTAL MATRIMONY.

Trial Marriage Is the Rule Among  
Many Peoples.

Among many people of the world  
trial marriages are the accepted cus-  
tom. Among the Greeks marriage is  
considered only as a temporary con-  
venience, not binding on the parties  
more than one year; the consequence  
being that "a large proportion of the  
old and middle aged men by frequent  
changing have had many wives, and  
their children, scattered around the  
country, are unknown to them." Evi-  
dences of similar practices of experi-  
mental matrimony and consensual vari-  
ety are found among many of the  
American Indian tribes on both conti-  
nents.

In parts of Greenland six months is  
the trial dead line, husband and wife  
separating if the "two-hearts-two-  
minds" theory develops discord instead  
of harmony.

Marriage among the Botocudos, ac-  
cording to Keane, is of a purely tem-  
porary nature, "dissolved on the slightest  
pretext or without any pretext at all  
merely through love of change or cap-  
rice."

"In Tasmania," says Dr. Milligan,  
"trial marriages result in a succession  
of wives."

In Samoa the wife's tenure of office  
is frequently limited to a few days or  
weeks, and marriage is sometimes only  
an excuse for the feasts and festivals  
so dear to the hearts of the pleasure  
loving natives.

In the Indian archipelago it is a com-  
mon practice for formal marriages to  
be limited, sometimes for only a month  
and at others for a period of several  
years.—Schoolcraft.

## Evading the Issue.

"Did you break this dish, Mary?"  
"No'm; I only dropped it.—St. Louis  
Times.

## P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Pct
Uniontown.....	22	13	.629
Charleroi.....	19	14	.576
Clarksburg.....	21	19	.525
Fairmont.....	19	22	.463
Connellsville.....	13	18	.419
Scottdale.....	12	20	.375

## Saturday's Results.

Charleroi.....6 Scottdale.....1  
Uniontown.....5 Connellsville. 3  
Fairmont.....6 Clarksburg.....3  
Ten innings.

## Yesterday's Results.

Clarksburg.....9 Fairmont.....3  
Others not scheduled.

## Games Today

Uniontown at Charleroi  
Scottdale at Connellsville  
Fairmont at Clarksburg not  
scheduled.

## Short Telegrams

Steubenville, Ohio, June 14.—Fire  
of unknown origin, starting in the  
packing house of the Imperial glass  
plant here this evening, totally de-  
stroyed the plant and stock, entailing  
a loss of \$65,000, partially insured.

Leechburg, Pa., June 14.—When  
this borough won a suit recently  
against the water company compelling  
it to reduce its rate for each water  
plug, residents thought a great battle  
had been won. The water company  
has now given notice that an advance  
will soon be made in the rates for  
water for domestic use, which will  
more than make up for the loss of  
water plugs.

Butler, Pa.—Seven hundred Wood-  
men of the World marched to North  
Cemetery, where memorial services  
were held and four monuments dedi-  
cated. Addresses were made by Rev.  
Cearing Peter and Attorney S. F.  
Bower.

Scranton, Pa.—Nazzanthe San-  
do, an Italian merchant of Pine  
street, Dunmore, was shot and killed  
not more than 100 yards from his  
home. The shooting was the outcome  
of an altercation with an unknown  
man.

Morgantown, W. Va. At a dance  
at Dellsburg, near here, George Shel-  
ton and Samuel Shaffer, well-known  
young men, quarreled and Shelton shot  
Shaffer. Shelton was arrested.  
Shaffer will die.

New Kensington, Pa.—Giovanni  
Cavano, who had been missing since  
last Thursday, was found dead in the  
yard of the Allegheny Valley railroad  
here. There were no evidences of  
violence.

Fairmont, W. Va.—Glen McCloy,  
charged with the murder of George  
Hoskins during a bar-room fight here  
last November, was found guilty of  
voluntary manslaughter.

Girard, Ohio—Frank Fiast, 37  
years old, committed suicide by slash-  
ing his throat with a razor. He has  
been dependent. A wife and seven  
children survive.

## Proposals Wanted.

Sealed proposals will be received by  
J. K. Boyd, chairman of the building  
committee for the construction of a  
proposed brick and stone church build-  
ing for the United Presbyterian con-  
gregation of Monessen, Pa. All propo-  
sals are to be delivered on or before  
8 o'clock p. m., June 30, 1908. The  
committee reserves the right to reject  
any and all proposals.

Drawings and specifications may be  
seen at the store of Frantz and Boyd,  
Donnor avenue, Monessen, Pa, or se-  
cured at the office of J. A. Lohman,  
Architect, Barker building, Donnor  
avenue and Sixth street, Monessen,  
Pa. 26333

## Always keep a bottle of I. W.

HARPER whiskey in sight. Good to  
look at and good to taste; and what  
is more a benefit to your health. Sold  
by W. H. Zeitzers. 25512t-w-tf

## Howard's Repair Shop.

Lawn Mowers Sharpened by  
special machine.

## Hotel Clement Building

Corner 4th street and McKean Avenue

## C. E. LANTZ

Successor to Lee Lutz.

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY

Orders Given Prompt Attention.

24 McKean Avenue.

## ATLANTIC CITY

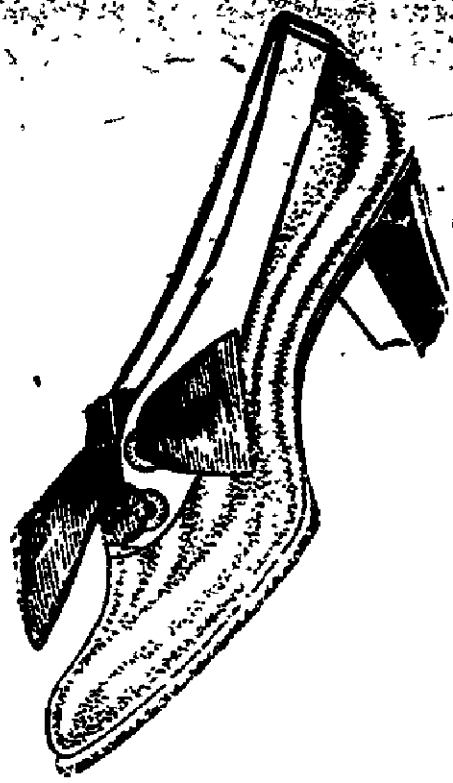
THE HORTENSE—Pacific and

to Indiana Ave.—One block from  
Boardwalk and amusements. Large  
cool rooms and shady porches—Open  
all year—exceptionally good tables. A  
quiet, refined home—Terms moderate,  
special inducements to families.

## Mrs. Hortense Holst

</





Special  
Monday  
and  
Tuesday

## Ladies' Tan Oxfords

Worth \$1.50 to \$2.00

SPECIAL PRICE

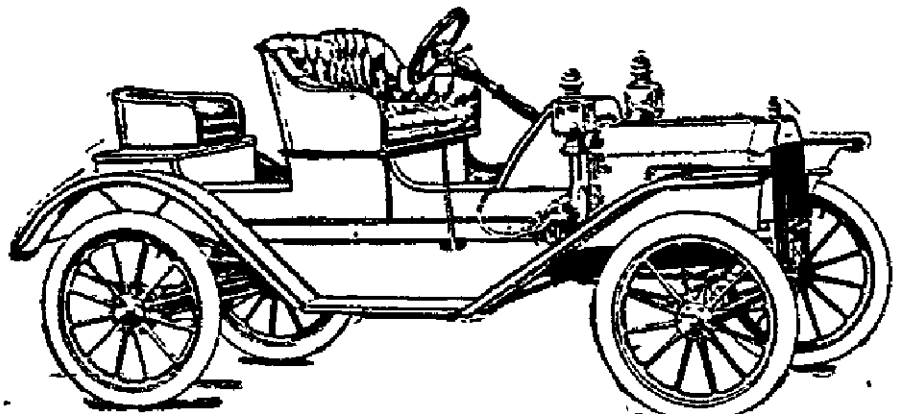
79c

# Sample Shoe Store

## FAMOUS FORD ROADSTER

Model S

Price \$750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST for the money.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny on every part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city. Write for particulars.

## Crescent Automobile Co.

5912-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Phone 480 Highland

## FURNACE HEATING

Insure a good circulation of warm air and the cheapest way to heat your residence. If you are going to build, why not have your house fitted for a furnace and save the cost of extra chimneys. Call and get estimate. We handle the best makes. XXth Century and Wise, and have experienced men who put them up.

We do all kinds of roofing and repair work. Your tin work should be painted every year or two. We can do that or sell you the paint and you can do it. Phone us your want.

D. N. HALL, 412 Fallowfield Avenue

BOTH PHONES

## Notice! Intend Going Abroad?

All indications point to a heavy traveling season and choice accommodations are rapidly being reserved.

AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

File your application for berths at once.

Oldest Steamship Agency in Upper Monongahela Valley

FRANK RIVA

Sole Agency for the World Renowned Domestic Machine

524 Fallowfield Ave.

## Advertise in the Mail

## A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods, the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine lists we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,

## Taking Advantage of Leap Year.

By ANNE NEILMAN.

Copyrighted, 1916, by Associated Literary Press.

Dora Wright had practically mastered the difficult art of being poor when fate presented her whimsically with abundance. While she was still wondering what she was going to do with it all some relatives swooped down upon her and whisked her off to Newport for the season.

About two months later Miss Wright returned from an elaborate function very late one night, or, rather, very early one morning.

Bidding her aunt and cousins good night, she wearily ascended the stairs to her room, her shimmering ball dress billowing gracefully around her slender figure. One hour later she walked briskly down the same stairs attired in a natty linen traveling suit and carrying a small satchel.

"I am going away for a visit," she informed the astonished butler as he unlocked the front door at her command. "You'll find a small trunk, locked and strapped, in my room. Please send it to this address," handing the man a card and a bill of general



"I SHALL NEVER GO BACK," SHE SAID RESOLUTELY.

ous denomination. "No, thanks, I can carry this grip myself." Then she made her way to the depot.

The labors of the day were ended. Mrs. Watson and several of her boarders were out on the front porch in restful enjoyment of the "cool" of the evening.

"Yes, Miss Wright's cuttin' a wide swath, accordin' to the papers," the landlady was declaiming to the little milliner, a new boarder. "Today's Clarion said as how a furin nobleman appeared to be gettin' the inside track. That's why he's lookin' more moped than usual tonight," pointing through the open window at a solitary man in the shabby sitting room, his head leaning wearily on his hand, an unopened paper on his knee.

"He ain't been the same man since she left," continued Mrs. Watson in a lowered voice. "In fact, with her? Land sakes, I should say he was! Every one could see it except Miss Wright. Why didn't he up and tell her? Why, child, they were both too poor! Miss Wright didn't make no more'n her own keep, an' Mr. Langdon has a mother an' sister to support back in Ohio. An' when Miss Wright's uncle died an' left her all that prop'erty of course that put her out'n his reach for good. He's too proud a man to live on his wife's money. It's a dreadful pity, though, for if ever two people were cut out for each other—just then she turned her head and saw Dora Wright walking up the path.

"For the land sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Watson. "This ain't never you! How glad I am to see you, an' how well you're lookin'!"

Considerable time was consumed in congratulations and explanations. Then Mrs. Watson hurried upstairs to see about a room for her unexpected guest, and Dora went into the parlor and seated herself beside Mr. Langdon.

"Have you missed me, Robert?" she asked.

"Missed you?" echoed Langdon. He thought how intensely he had missed her. How, during the two months of her absence, he had longed for the sound of her voice, the merry laugh in her eyes!

"It's like a dream to have you sitting beside me, Dora. I don't understand it. For the first time in years you had got comfortably away from the everlasting grind and were free to spend your time as you liked, yet here you are back again in the hot, dusty city in the middle of August. Now, Dora, what's the reason?"

"Well, one of the reasons is that this talk about money making you free is all nonsense. Money made me a slave for two months. Instead of doing what I wanted I had to do what anybody else wanted.

"I had to be outdoors when I was cold and indoors when I was hot. I had to sit through two hour diners every night and eat things I detested.

was sleepy and my head ached. I had to ride in automobiles and go yachting. A yacht always makes me sick, and you know what I think of automobiles."

Mr. Langdon did not seem properly impressed, so Dora continued in an aggrieved voice:

"I spent hours racing around with golf sticks when I'd much rather sit down quietly with an agreeable book. It's very well to do what you dislike if you're accomplishing anything, but all this activity was accomplishing nothing except spoiling my temper and making me thin. But you haven't said yet that you were glad to see me, Robert."

Langdon's look of adoration seemed to be nothing more than she expected.

"Yes, Dora, I am glad," he said simply. "I thought you had forgotten me. I didn't blame you," he continued hastily as she made a dissenting gesture.

"I was glad to think that at last you were enjoying what your beauty and your nature entitled you to and that your brave conduct in adversity was being properly rewarded. But why did you come back here, Dora? Why did you come back to this dreary manufacturing town when you had the whole world to choose from?"

Dora looked intently at him while he was speaking. She noted the streaks of gray in his well kept hair, the sad droop of the patient mouth, the many lines around his tired eyes.

"For more reasons than one. I knew you needed looking after, Robert. I knew you were lonely and working hard in order to forget. I knew you were tired and that your eyes were used up. I knew you felt the heat more than ever and wouldn't take any refreshing trolley rides out into the breezy country or go on any cozy little picnics without your old friend. Now I'm going to invade you out every afternoon, and we'll read our favorite authors in the evenings, just as we used to before I became an heiress."

Langdon drew a deep breath and looked longingly at the girl, who appeared to be unconscious of having said anything unusual.

"I was tired," he said. His eyes and voice were perilously near tears, the porch was deserted, and he laid his hand gently on hers. "But in the future the knowledge that you thought of me and came back to cheer me up will keep me from failing and every other ill. But you must return to your relatives. If you don't like Newport, there are other places. Travel, Dora, and get the good of the money that came to you late, but, thank God, not too late!"

Dora regarded him with an amused tenderness.

"You don't know me half as well as I know you, Robert. I have no intention of going back to the relatives who ignored my very existence until Uncle Timothy left me a fortune. And I don't want to spend my money in travel at present. I came to the place I like, and here I'm going to stay."

Langdon leaned suddenly toward Dora. His pale face flushed, and his hands trembled, but he pulled himself up again resolutely.

"I'm right, though, Dora. In spite of your heavenly kindness it can't be the same as it was when we were both poor. My dear girl, don't you see that it is different?"

Dora smiled tenderly at him.

"Certainly I see that it's different, because now I have the means to provide luxuriously for the old mother and delicate sister and to keep up a house for us both."

Langdon was shaking visibly.

"Dora, if it will not do. Your husband must be a more brilliant man than this old friend, though he can never be a more faithful. He must be of your own age and your own financial standing. You make it hard, dear one, but you must go back tomorrow."

"I shall never go back," she said resolutely. "And I shall never have a husband, Robert, unless it is this unselfish old friend."

Langdon raised his hand to his tired eyes to hide a rush of happy tears.

"Do you mean?" he stammered.

"Yes," answered Dora gayly. "I mean this as a proposal. It's leap year, you know."

## Logical.

The man wearing a "deaf and dumb" placard stood before the judge.

"Your honor," he said. "I do not wish to take undue technical advantage. I do not claim to be without hearing or speech. The words 'deaf and dumb,' without qualification, are words and nothing more. Supposing I had worn a number on a tag? Would that have made me guilty of asserting myself a dog or an automobile?"

"Moreover, your honor, a man may be deaf and dumb constructively. That's my status during business hours."

"Your reasoning is excellent," responded the court, "and, though I send you to jail for thirty days, you are not to be deprived of the right to consider yourself constructively free."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## He Bought the Bell.

"Got any cow bells?" inquired a country looking man of a clerk in a hardware store.

"Yes, sir. Step this way," replied the young man.

The farmer picked up the largest he could find and said, "Have you no larger than this?"

"No, sir. The largest ones are all sold."

The farmer, on hearing this, turned to leave and had reached the door when the clerk called after him.

"Look here, stranger! Take one of these small bells for your cow, and you won't have half as much bother

## OUR SAILORS' UNIFORMS.

Copied From England and Not Representative of America.

All are familiar with the American man-of-war sailor's suit, but has any one ever stopped to consider how he comes by it and what the origin of it is? With the exception of the fit itself and the stars in the corner of the collar the whole suit is copied from the English. One would have thought that by this time the American nation would have fallen upon some original costume for its navy in some way more representative of America.

In the early days of the British navy it was still the custom to tie the hair in a cue after well greasing it, but much annoyance was felt by the men in consequence of the oil getting on the rough serge of their jumpers or blouses.

This caused the blue collar of the same material as the jumper to be added, but without much success, as the collar looked quite as untidy, so at length the idea of putting the blue drill collar over the serge was adopted, the drill collar being a separate appendage and therefore easily washed and kept clean. The lanyard was worn to represent the ropes and rigging of the ship, and the jackknife indicated that (to be paradoxical) the bluejacket's object in life was death to his enemy.

In those days the neck was exposed, but as time went on and more thought was given to the welfare of the men this was found to be injurious to the health; hence the substitute of the white neck flannel, white being used to give the effect of the uncovered neck.

The two rows of white braid at the top of the cuff represent England and Ireland, the one row at the bottom showing that Scotland had not become annexed. The rows of braid on the collar represent wholly and solely the victories of Nelson.

At the opening of Lord Nelson's grand career and his first great victory at Aboukir the first row of braid was put on the collar, and Jack was a proud and happy man, and he became still prouder and happier when Aboukir was followed by Nelson's greater victory at Copenhagen, and the second row was added. But he became the proudest and happiest man and, alas, also the most sorrowful and grief stricken, when that great hero and magnificent example of naval courage lost his life in his last victory at Trafalgar, and so the third row of braid went on, but there was no more to come after it, for "the last pipe" had sounded for the gallant sailor, his last fight fought, his last victory won. To signify the mourning which filled the hearts of all English sailors the black scarf was added. This was the origin of the British tar's uniform, which is both historical and biographical and dear to the heart of all English people.—New York World.

## A Rather Novel Complaint.

An English traveler once met a companion sitting in a state of the most woeful despair and apparently near the last agonies by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings.

"Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man! I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to—"

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisonneuse" (The water of this lake abounds in fish).

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

## A Great Man's Simple Speech.

I was lately told a delightful story of a great statesman staying with a humble and anxious host who had invited a party of simple and unimportant people to meet the great man. The statesman came in late for dinner and was introduced to the party. He made a series of old fashioned bows in all directions, but no one felt in a position to offer any observations. The great man at the conclusion of the ceremony turned to his host and said in tones that had often thrilled a listening senate: "What very convenient jugs you have in your bedrooms. They pour well."

The social frost broke up, the company was delighted to find that the great man was interested in mundane matters of a kind on which every one might be permitted to have an opinion, and the conversation, starting from the humblest conveniences of daily life, melted insensibly into more liberal subjects.—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and the Reader.

## CARLOTTA AND NAPOLEON.

How the Crazed Empress' Curious Campaign to a Fulfillment.

General Henri D'Almonde was from 1863 to 1866 the ambassador of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico to the court of Napoleon III. The most interesting and most pathetic episode in which D'Almonde was a witness and which is vividly described in his memoirs is the meeting between the scheming French emperor and Maximilian's wife, the beautiful and ambitious Carlotta, who shortly before the catastrophe at Queretaro had come to Paris to favor Napoleon's bid for the tottering throne of her husband. But Napoleon III, who for his own selfish purposes had promised and allurements induced Maximilian, then archduke of Austria, to accept the "restored" throne of Montezuma, faithlessly abandoned the unfortunate prince to his cruel fate as soon as he realized his schemes to be impracticable.

Even at her arrival in Paris Carlotta's mind was already in such a high state of irritation that it was deemed advisable to have General D'Almonde at her side during the meeting with Napoleon, which took place in the empress' apartments at the Grand Hotel de Paris.

What lends special interest to that interview is the fact that the empress, crazed by desperation and fear for her husband's safety and by Napoleon's unsympathetic attitude, hurled a curse at the latter which in time was indeed fulfilled to the very letter.

"The empress," says General D'Almonde, "pleaded, partly on her knees and in the most beseeching terms, with the stony Frenchman to no avail. Then it was that I witnessed the most harrowing and dramatic scene of my life. Frantic with grief and excitement, the empress, with drawn mouth and flashing eyes, sprang to her feet, extending both her hands toward the retreating emperor.

"Leave me," she yelled in a voice which cut through me like a sword—leave me, but go laden with my curse—the same curse that God hurled at the first murderer. May your own house and throne perish amid flames and blood, and when you are humbled in the dust, powerless and disgraced, then shall the angel of revenge trumpet into your ears the names of Maximilian and Carlotta!"

At Sedan and by the revolution in Paris Sept. 4, 1870, the unhappy Carlotta's curse was fulfilled to the letter. —Captain Charles Klier in Los Angeles Times.

## An American Admirer.

In a small way an American figure in the journal kept by Rosalie Lamorriere during the revolutionary days of 1793 in France and published under the title, "The Last Days of Marie Antoinette."

Rosalie Lamorriere, a girl of Picardy, was servant to the queen in the conciergerie. "One day," Rosalie has recorded, "M. de Saint Leger, the American, who was coming from the register's office, noticed that I was carrying a glass half filled with water.

"Did the queen drink the water that has gone from the glass?" he asked.

"I answered that she did.

"With a quick gesture he uncovered his head and drank the water that remained with every indication of respect and pleasure."

## The Proof of the Pudding

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## Whither the Fates Call

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Elsie Reynolds had just finished her first year of teaching. She had not enjoyed the experience particularly, and now that the train was carrying her back to the east, which she loved, she wondered how she could have even half pledged herself to return in the fall. But she had, and at length she admitted to herself the reason for it. It was not the work. Work she must have somewhere, to be sure, but it was not necessary to seek it at so great a distance from home. No, it was not the work, but the friends she had made, or, rather, to be strictly truthful and spare herself no blushes, it was one friend, Gilbert Chandler.

The admission came as a revelation. For six months she and Gilbert had been good comrades, and they had parted as comrades, exchanging promises to write to each other during the long summer vacation if it were not too hot and if they were not too busy, etc. But Elsie had made the identical promise to half a dozen other men, more or less, who had come to the train to see her off, for Elsie was pretty and popular and Gilbert Chandler had by no means a clear field.

Had the truth been told him (by any one save Elsie) he would have dismissed it with a smile of incredulity.

But Elsie had no intention of telling him—indeed, having discovered the state of her feelings, she had no intention of favoring him with information of any kind. Gilbert must write first. On that point she was inflexible, even after a month of anxious waiting.

Other men wrote, but the seals of their letters she broke listlessly and answered them only in the hope that through them she might hear something of Gilbert. At length they served her purpose.

Over and over again Elsie read the unbelievable words. "You've doubtless heard about Chandler's illness," the letter ran. "Pneumonia has now set in, and that, with the typhoid complications, knocks his chances for recovery about out, and just as he was beginning to be looked upon as a young lawyer who must be reckoned with. Tough luck!"

Elsie crumpled up the letter and sobbed her heart out. There was no one to comfort her, no one who would even understand.

The summer was nearly gone before Elsie received further news. Gilbert had lived through the awful crisis, but not to receive his full health. In fact, the doctors had ordered an entire change of climate and occupation, and in consequence he had given up all his youthful ambitions, said goodby to the world of friends and activities and taken up life with his sister on a small ranch in Texas.

Then to all who knew her Elsie Reynolds did a surprising and unaccountable thing. She resigned her position in the western boarding school and accepted the thankless task of teacher in a district school in Texas.

Her alleged reason—that she was tired of civilization and hungered for primitive experience—was termed sheer madness. Yet there was no one to hold her back. She was fatherless and motherless and perforce self supporting.

For the next two years there were two very small institutions in the Lone Star State that prospered amazingly. One was a forlorn one room schoolhouse, the other a pocket handkerchief ranch which surrounded a brave but unpretentious little bungalow. In both daily miracles were happening. The schoolhouse knew all about the bungalow, but the latter had never guessed the existence of its wide awake neighbor to the west.

And when a letter arrived there one summer morning announcing that Elsie Reynolds was passing through Texas on her way east and if convenient would like to stop off for a few days to visit old friends the bungalow opened wide its doors and windows with astonishment and let the sun in like some unexpected guest come to warm and cheer its lonely heart.

During the days that must pass before she should come all was one busy whirl of anticipation. To Gilbert Chandler and his sister the actual presence of a friend from their old abandoned world would seem nothing short of a glimpse of heaven.

Arrayed in its slender acquisition of muslin ruffles and chintz flowers and quite consciously proud of its honey-suckle perfume, the little house fluttered and beamed with expectation. At last the great day arrived. Gilbert rose early, his browned face radiant with happiness, saddled the two horses and went to meet her.

The tide back over the rolling prairie, which for each of them held its special meaning, was tremulous with things unspoken. From full hearts little save commonplace remarks reached the lips.

"You have been traveling, Elsie?" "I traveling?" She laughed back at him merrily. "Not same old story, Gilbert—no!"

"But you're brown as a Mexican, and you don't look the least bit fagged, though that's damning you with faint praise," he added, looking at her with very frank admiration. "Where have you been teaching?"

"Oh, let's skip sordid details," Elsie answered evasively. "Don't you love this country?"

Gilbert followed her gaze out over the luxuriant wealth of grassy meadows and beyond to the high, grim mountains.

"Yes," he answered loyally. "I love it. It has given me back my health. It's a beautiful country, and I must cry out and demand the whole truth. I love it!"

"Do you mean that you are really well and strong again?—merely that you are grateful just to be alive?" was the question that begged to be asked, but she forced it back relentlessly. Gilbert himself broke the tense silence between them.

"See, there's the shack," he said joyously, indicating the little gray bungalow set cozily in its frame of orchard green.

Elsie gave a cry of delight, put her horse to the gallop and rode straight and fast toward the open door.

The rest of that light hearted, sun filled day passed like a flash. At the end of it, however, came the inevitable moment when confidence and the exchange of mutual experiences and future hopes would no longer be denied expression.

Gilbert watched Elsie's dark head resting against the vine covered post as she sat on the low steps of the porch, and his heart bounded toward her in a mighty yearning.

"It is time now to tell me where you have been these two long years, Elsie. Don't you think so?"

Elsie continued looking out on the endless stretch of prairie lawn before them.

"Right here," she said at last, sighing happily.

"Here?" questioned Gilbert in amazement.

"Well, in Texas," Elsie amended teasingly.

"Please be serious, Elsie."

"I am, perfectly. For two years I've been teaching in a district school down here."

"In the name of heaven, why?" demanded Gilbert.

But Elsie would not let her hand be forced. She must know first how the game was to end.

"It is my turn to ask a question," she said. "You have succeeded here wonderfully, haven't you, Gilbert?"

As he looked down at her his smile had so much pride and pathos in it that Elsie longed to throw her arms about him and to tell him that she knew—she understood.

"Pretty well," he admitted, "for a perverted young lawyer."

"Don't," begged Elsie. "I can't bear to hear you speak like that."

"Why, bless your sympathetic little heart!" exclaimed Gilbert, noticing the tears in her eyes. "I've no kick coming over the law business. Am I not a healthy brute again? What else counts beside that?"

The joy that leaped in Elsie's heart as Gilbert spoke these words sent the color flying to her cheeks. That Gilbert might not observe her agitation she jumped up and pretended to be training a vagrant honeysuckle vine.

"But if you are really well again you'll go back to law, won't you?"

"Perhaps, some time," answered Gilbert thoughtfully. He was pacing up and down the porch now. "You see, I've been out of it now for over two years, and it would take some time to get into the running again. Down here I'm making my way far better than I hoped. I think there's a big chance for success. And I'm well here—gloriously well!" He stopped speaking a moment, then added, looking wistfully into the little home and lowering his voice: "The hardest thing is having my sister go back. She's to be married this fall, you know. She's been a brick."

Emotion checked his further speech. The next moment, with a little broken sob, Elsie was in his arms, and the lovers gave themselves up to the ecstasy of their emotions.

Suddenly Gilbert held her at arm's length from him, nearly crushing her slender hands in the agony of his renunciation.

"No, Elsie," he said hoarsely. "I cannot, I will not let you. I have no right. It would be asking you to sacrifice too much for me. You would die of ennui down here."

But Elsie's eyes were shining; her face was radiant with happiness.

"You forget, dear," she said gently. "That I've made it my country, too—that I have no sacrifice to make. You are my all. Besides," she added roughly, "it's leap year, and you've no right to refuse me, Gilbert."

He began it.

The man whose wife often said that "he never would learn not to talk to people" looked at his seat companion and at the first opportunity broke the silence. "Traveling man, like myself?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the other. "Travel for a wool house."

"Mine's boots and shoes," said the talkative one. "But I've got a fad for golf—you see my sticks? I carry them everywhere on the chance of getting a game."

"Every man ought to have some sort of fad, seems to me. It rests him, changes the current of his thoughts. Don't you agree with me? Now, golf?"

But the other had pulled a small round box from his pocket and was ready to talk.

"Here's my fad," he broke in. "As I said, I travel for a wool firm, but this little ointment made by an aunt of my wife is my fad."

"I always carry a couple of dozen boxes with me, and, as you say, it rests me and changes the current of my thoughts. And when I find a man like you that can talk about something besides business and evidently likes to tell him the story of one of these little boxes of ointment and what it did, and if I don't convince him in half an hour that it's exactly what he needs—why, I can do it in an hour sure."

"Stupefying!" muttered the golf enthusiast as he looked at the firm jaw of his seat mate.

## PERSONAL MENTION

### HERE AND THERE

Porn—To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Henderson, of 720 McKean avenue, a boy.

John T. Carson, and John W. James, of Donora were in Charleroi Sunday calling on friends.

R. H. Rush spent Sunday in Uniontown with friends.

Miss Adele Heupel left this morning for Pittsburg to spend two weeks with friends. She will attend the Carnegie Technical school commencement today, Tuesday and Wednesday.

C. H. Harper and brother are spending the day looking up business in Pittsburg.

Alfred Stewart was a Sunday visitor in Gray's Landing.

C. E. Lantz is a business visitor in Pittsburg today.

Adolph Weigel was in Pittsburg Sunday visiting friends.

H. M. Smith was in Brownsville Sunday visiting friends.

T. J. Reeves and P. F. Chaifant were visitors Saturday night and Sunday with friends and relatives in the country near Fayette City.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Richardson were visitors Sunday in Elizabeth.

George E. Toy has resigned his position with the Charleroi Steam Laundry and has left for his home in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Robert Mountsier, a student at Ann Arbor University, at Ann Arbor, Mich., returned home Saturday to spend the summer vacation.

Mrs. P. J. Riley has returned home after a several week's visit with relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

J. M. Whitlatch spent Sunday in Verona with his brother.

Mrs. Sara Thompson and family were Sunday guests at the home of Frank Powell, in Mingo.

Miss Florence Hill and William Youngman were visitors in Monongahela yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Reeves and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reeves were in California, Keallville and Washington Saturday afternoon, making a tour of that part of the county in the former's automobile.

The Sisley of Pittsburg was a guest Sunday at the home of J. Frew, on Fallowfield avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Galey, daughter Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. Morten, Mrs. S. T. Thompson of Beaver and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Walker of West Pike Run were visitors in Charleroi Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Minehart, son Tom and daughter Sara, of Pittsburg, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Campbell yesterday.

K. W. Daly and wife were at Chalk Hill in their auto yesterday.

### JOHN AND HIS IDOLS.

The Chinaman is Utterly Devoid of Reverence in His Religion.

How the Chinaman regards his idol is told by the Rev. John MacGowan: "The Chinese is a person utterly devoid of reverence, sentiment or devotion in his religion. With him it is a matter either of fear or of business, but mainly the latter. A house is plagued with sickness, which is put down not to bad sanitation or other natural causes, but to the presence of evil spirits. This leads to a visit to the nearest temple to get the idol to drive them away. A new business is going to be commenced, but before doing so it is deemed essential to get the support of the idols. If one idol says it will not succeed another is appealed to for its opinion, and if it is favorable it is at once accepted as the correct one."

"Should the venture turn out a failure no reproach of any kind is uttered against the god whose prediction has been falsified. The man takes the blame upon himself. His character has not been pure, he says, or he was born under an evil star, or he was naturally unlucky and so was bound to fail in anything that he undertook."

"Men never dream of thinking about their idols as we do about God. No affection is shown for them. It is most amusing to watch the faces of the idols when you ask them if the idols love them. The eyes gleam, the face broadens into a wide grin, and soon hearty laughter is heard at this most facetious and side splitting joke."

Chicago News.

### Men's Dress.

Men are dressed as they are chiefly because fewer of them look ridiculous so clothed than they would in any other costume. Modern dress is merciful to men. It gives no undue advantage to the well built and handsome. Indeed, it detracts from their appearance and makes the figures of those not blessed with a fine physique.—Court Journal.

### Out of His Mouth.

His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to eat it.

"Parson me for taking the words out of your mouth, little one," said the parson, "lastly, I'm sorry." — Chicago Tribune.

Brownsville merchants will hold their second annual outing at Cascade Park near New Castle, June 18.

South Brownsville has a debt of \$3,515.00.

Brownsville is rejoicing over the near completion of the new trolley line to that borough.

William Coulson, G. W. Hopton of Decora, and James Gillis, of Courtney, will sail for Scotland next month.

The "Home Coming" Association, of Monongahela, is meeting with grand success. "Here's how."

The arrival of a train loaded with coke at Donora is taken as a harbinger of good times.

Felix Kissabow was killed in the mines at Ellsworth on Friday.

Friday night last seems to have been "horse thieves night," as horses were stolen at McConnell's Mills, East Canonsburg and Charleroi, five in all.

A law suit over \$2 was tried before a Washington Cadi Saturday. The costs amounted to \$16.58.

Thomas Miller, of Bower Hill, was arrested charged with stealing \$175 from his father.

Rev. James Bruce who graduated from the Jefferson college 53 years ago, is visiting in Canonsburg.

Donora's school board is investigating several sites.

There is a rumor going the rounds that large independent coal company's near Monongahela will be absorbed by a "combine."

The record for attendance at a Sunday school convention was broken at Monongahela last week.

Finding the lamp out in the First National Bank, of Monongahela, created some excitement there being thought the "pussy footed" were abroad.

Secret service men report that counterfeit notes are being circulated at Pittsburg.

The Musical at Donora Friday night was great success every way.

Not a birth was recorded at North Belle Vernon during the month of May.

Belle Vernon is proud of the fact that but four arrests were made in that thriving town during two weeks.

The generous firm of Haber and Gripp, of Belle Vernon will give a free outing to the school children of that place. Noble men in every sense of the word.

The Belle Vernon Enetprise is enjoying strawberries presented by admiring friends.

St. Leonard's church at Monessen will be dedicated July 12, with imposing ceremonies.

Postmaster Frye of Monessen gave his employees an ice cream and strawberry lunch.

A reckless bicycle rider at Monessen was fined \$1 and costs for running down and injuring a little girl.

Monessen ladies are annoyed by a "roughabate" who commits acts of indecency near where they are.

The California Sentinel justly denounces the human fiends who "pulled" of a dog fight near that place.

A large number of foreigners at Daistytown have engaged a teacher and will study the English language.

A man who robbed his room-mates in order, as he stated, he could "find another job" got one—at the work house for a year.

## THE CHARLEROI MAIL.

WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

WANTED—To purchase 500 to 600 acres of Coking Coal in Pigeon Creek District. Will deal quickly and will pay fair but no fancy price. J. McGowan, 233 Washington Ave., Charleroi, Penna. 26413p

LOST—Breast pin Saturday night between Seventh and Eighth street on Fallowfield avenue. Finder return to 32 Mail office and receive reward 26414p

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 1431p

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Building McKean Avenue. Third floor front. All conveniences. Inquire George Schuyler's Office. 2541t

FOR RENT—Three rooms with bath and all modern conveniences. Inquire 327 Fallowfield avenue. 2551t

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed, engraved, Charleroi Mail. 134 1t

**Berryman's**  
CHARLEROI'S LIVE STORE

## Positive Protection for Securities and Other Valuables

Deposit your securities, deeds, insurance policies, mortgages, wills and other valuables in the Safe Deposit Vault of the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company, which is equipped with every modern appliance for Safety and Absolutely Fire and Burglar Proof. The cost of a Steel Safe Deposit Box in this Vault is so moderate that you should not be without the protection it affords.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, \$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR

## Charleroi Savings & Trust Co.

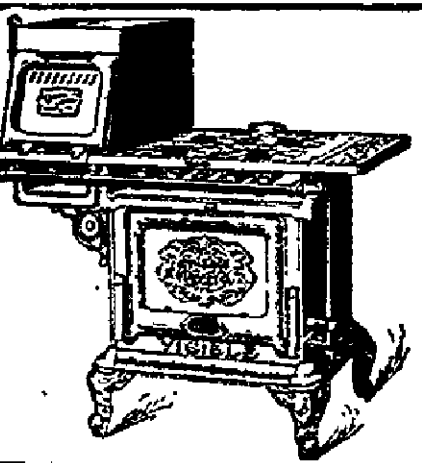
CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.  
4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts  
Compounded twice a year  
Capital and Undivided Profits \$143,000.00

## ... BRICK ...

California Clay Manufacturing Co.

Get our Prices on  
Common and Face Brick

Room 21,  
Trust Co. Bldg CHARLEROI, PA.



## J. M. FLEMING

PLUMBING AND  
GAS FITTING

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers,  
Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building  
Charleroi, Pa.

## Advertise in the Mail

## Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

**J. E. MASTERS & CO.**

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.



**You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail**

Harry Linlock and Miss Beile Ewig, of Elco, will be married here tomorrow.

**JOHN E. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler**  
 Charleston 103-W  
 Charleston Phone 103  
 513 McKean Avenue  
 Charleston, W. Va.



THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by  
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street.  
CHARLEROI, PA.

For P. Sloan, President  
S. W. Sharpnack, Sec'y & Treas.  
HARRY E. PRICE, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.,  
second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
One Year.....\$3.50  
Six Months.....\$2.00  
Three Months.....\$1.00  
All subscriptions payable in advance.  
Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six  
cents per week.  
Communications of public interest are  
welcome, but as an evidence of good  
faith, and for security of publication,  
they must bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES  
Bell 76 Charleroi 76  
Member of Monongahela Valley Press-  
Association

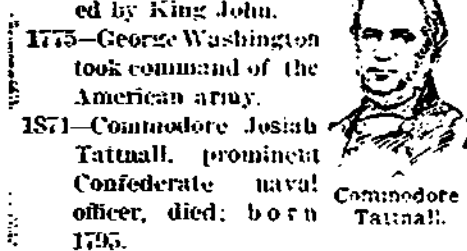
Advertising Rates:  
DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first  
insertion. Rates for large space con-  
tracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as  
resolutions of respect, cards of  
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official  
and similar advertising, including  
that in settlement of estates, public  
sales, live stock and estray notices,  
bank notices, notices to creditors, 10  
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents  
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies  
Geo. S. Mighi.....Charleroi  
Arde Collins.....Spartanburg  
M. Dooly.....Demary  
Fustave Clements.....Lock No. 2

June 15 In History.  
1215—Magna Charta signed  
by King John.  
1775—George Washington  
took command of the  
American army.  
1871—Confederate Josiah  
Tammall, prominent  
Confederate naval  
officer, died; born  
1795.  
1900—Foreign troops forbidden to enter  
Peking by imperial edict.  
1907—Second international peace con-  
gress opened at The Hague.



ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.  
Sun sets 7:29, rises 4:21; moon rises  
8:55 p. m.; moon's age 17 days; moon  
farthest south; moon at descending  
node, crossing sun's path downward;  
10:04 p. m., moon in conjunction with  
Uranus, passing from west to east of  
the planet.

The approach of the new trolley  
line to Brownville leads the Clipper-  
Monitor to say:

Two events of the week that mean  
much for the community—the ordering  
of a new school house for North  
Brownsville and the near approach of  
the trolley. Thus education and im-  
proved transportation go hand in hand.

The new site selected for the school  
—the Commons, in Brownsville, is one  
of the most historic spots we have.

It had been improved by the hand of  
man when the Indian was an immigrant.  
A race lost and forgotten now first  
turned the soil on "Wonder Hill" for  
what purpose, worship or defense,  
perhaps we shall never know.

They left no monuments, no written  
history. Only mounds and walls of  
earth remained when the soldiers of  
the crown came and now the bones of  
the long since dead mingle with the  
common clay. If the shades of all  
who trod that spot could come to us  
in one long troop what a mighty  
throng "would be.

Perhaps the new site will not please  
everyone but at any rate it must be  
conceded to have the merit of the  
richest historical associations.

Strength of Rings.  
Some elaborate calculations, backed  
by experiments, have been made in  
England to determine the breaking  
strength of rings. It appears that a  
ring of ductile metal, like malleable  
iron, will be pulled out into the form  
of a long link before it breaks and that  
the ultimate strength of the ring is  
virtually independent of its diameter.  
Fracture finally occurs as the result of  
almost pure tension, and the resistance  
to breaking is a little less than twice  
that of a rod of the same cross section  
subjected to a straight pull. As the  
ring increases in diameter there ap-  
pears to be a slight approach toward  
equality, with double the strength of  
a bar. Thus a three inch ring, made  
of three-quarter inch iron, broke at  
nineteen and one-half tons, a four inch  
ring at nineteen and nine-tenths tons  
and a six inch ring at twenty tons, the  
strength of a bar of the same metal  
being ten and one-half tons.

Vindication.  
The Lady of the castle retreated here,  
glad—Pardon me, but won't you please  
wait till my husband sees you? I told  
him there was some one in the house,  
and he said "Rubbish!"—Harper's Ba-

A good countenance is a letter of  
commendation.—Fielding.

CHURCH TOWERS.

They Are a Distinctive Feature of the  
Mexican View.

There is no country better worth visit-  
ing than Mexico. It is very striking  
in crossing the border from the United  
States to note how completely every-  
thing changes. Here there hardly  
seems anything man has constructed  
which harmonizes with its surround-  
ings; there everything seems to be en-  
tirely a part of the country. It is  
more foreign than Europe is now and  
constantly reminds one of the east.  
Riding in some of the little traveled  
districts, I could hardly believe that I  
was not in India. The dust in the  
road, the thorn scrub on both sides,  
with that pungent smell of the bloss-  
oms, all reminded me of the country  
about Ahmedabad. The plateau in  
winter, the dry season, is very much  
like the desert—long stretches of coun-  
try, with purple mountains in the dis-  
tance, without a tree in sight except  
where there is a town or where irriga-  
tion has kept a little green and a  
few trees have been planted. Often  
the horizon is so distant that the  
mountains melt into the sky, and per-  
haps one catches a glimpse of the snow  
on one of the volcanoes. The color is  
that of its own Mexican opal—greens,  
blues and reds.

are the church towers and tiled domes  
rising above the town. The exteriors  
of these churches are always pictur-  
esque and interesting, but the interiors  
are usually disappointing, for they  
have suffered much during many revolu-  
tions and perhaps even more from  
senseless renovations. There are a  
few still unspoiled, where one can see  
them as nearly all were once, entirely  
covered with richly carved wood heav-  
ily gilded. Gold was used thickly ev-  
erywhere till the carving looked like  
solid metal. I have seen much gold in  
churches, but none to equal that in  
Mexico.—Lockwood de Forest in Cen-  
tury.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

The Jury Had to Teach the Pompous  
Judge a Lesson.

A certain trial judge in a certain  
state became so unpopular that the  
only way he could get a verdict for the  
state was to make his charge in favor  
of the prisoner. When matters had  
reached this stage a famous feud fight-  
er was arrested on a charge of murder  
and brought to trial. The case, which  
was the judge's first murder trial, at-  
tracted much attention, and the judge,  
whose unpopularity arose from his  
vanity and pomposity, greatly enjoyed  
his role as umpire of the law. The  
case was a clear one against the de-  
fendant, and his guilt was so conclu-  
sively proved that the judge even pre-  
sumed to charge accordingly. The  
jury retired, and when they filed back  
into court it was noticed that they  
avoided the prisoner's eye and looked  
unusually solemn.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, waving  
the clerk into silence, "have you  
reached a verdict?"

"We have," said the foreman.  
The judge opened a paper bag and  
drew out a black cap. With an im-  
portant look around the courtroom he  
placed this on his head and pulled it  
down until it met his ears.

"Prisoner," he said, "raise and look  
at the jury. Jury, arise and look at the  
prisoner. Gentlemen, what is your  
verdict?"

The jurymen, who had been whisper-  
ing to each other, nodded cheerfully  
at the prisoner.

"Not guilty," said the foreman.  
"Of course," he said later, when ev-  
ery one had shaken the innocent man's  
hand, "he was guilty all right, and  
that was going to be our verdict, but  
when the little judge put that black  
cap on his head and pulled it down  
over his ears like that there was only  
one thing for us to do, and we did it."  
—New York Sun.

Graveyard Neighbors.  
The agent for a cemetery company  
was expatiating on the good points of  
a certain lot. Presently the prospec-  
tive purchaser interrupted with the  
enumeration of several prominent fam-  
ilies owning property there.

"Is this lot near theirs?" she asked.  
The agent admitted that it was quite  
a distance off.

"Then," said the woman, "I don't  
want it. I'd rather pay more and get  
in a good neighborhood."  
The agent collapsed.

"Has it come to the point," he said,  
"where people consider their next door  
neighbors even in a graveyard?"—New  
York Sun.

Business Sense.  
In new lines of goods is where the  
profits lie. The old standbys that every  
dealer keeps have the prices all cut  
to pieces on them. Get the new things  
ahead of the other fellows and make  
money on them. Frequent change of  
the arrangement of your show cases  
gives the effect of new goods received.  
The same old arrangement month in  
and month out, no matter how many  
new goods, looks like the same old  
stock.—Printers' Ink.

Persuasive.  
"Your wife is somewhat strong mind-  
ed, isn't she, Littlejohn?"

"Strong minded?" A furniture polish  
peddler came here yesterday and in  
five minutes she sold him some polish  
she had made herself.—London Tele-  
graph.

A good countenance is a letter of  
commendation.—Fielding.

Honor the tree that gives you shelter,  
—Danish.

Among the Exchanges

The Connellsville Courier is lifting  
up a proper voice about the competi-  
tion of the coal interests.

What it says the coal interests will do  
well to heed:

The Technological Branch of the  
United States Geological Survey  
tells us nothing new nor startling  
when it says that coal of poor quality  
may be made valuable for fuel or  
cooking purposes by washing it.

The practice has been in common  
use in this section of Pennsylvania for  
some years past, but on a small scale  
because of the fact that we had so  
much coal of such a superior character  
that washing was wholly unnecessary.

Moreover it was so relatively cheap  
in price that the coke made from  
washed coals could not compete with  
it. The cost of washing added too  
largely to the expense of production.

But since Connellsville coke has be-  
come more valuable, and until recent-  
ly has sold so high, the washing of  
poor coal has been resumed with good  
results. The Dunbar Furnace Com-  
pany has been getting excellent coke  
from its Freeport coal seam after  
washing it, and while the process in-  
volves some expense the furnace com-  
pany has been able to produce excel-  
lent coke at low cost.

A serious objection to the washing  
of coal, however, is continued in the  
pollution of the streams involved in  
the process.

Apres of the many burglaries  
leads the Donora American to suggest  
the following sensible idea:

The number of burglaries during  
the past few months in Donora and  
surrounding towns calls for some  
united and vigorous action on the part  
of the authorities. For the past three  
or four months these amateur house-  
breakers have been operating in the  
different communities of this vicinity,  
with varying success. Their actions  
have clearly shown that they are not  
professionals, but they will learn with  
a little more practice.

Aside from reporting the matter to  
the local police, no well outlined pol-  
icy has been adopted to clean them  
up. One night they appear in Dor-  
ora, the next in Monongahela, and  
then they bob up at some other place.

After a rest of a few days, they  
start over again.

In their last raid here, they carried  
no tools, but borrowed some crude in-  
struments at each place to gain en-  
trance. They left tracks that should  
make their detection possible and not  
difficult, provided some expert were  
put on the trail.

It seems to the writer that it  
would be a good plan for the borough  
councils of Donora, Monessen, Charleroi  
and Monongahela to confer on a propo-  
sition to employ detectives to follow  
up the burglaries and round up the  
gangs. The aggregate amount of  
their hauls here would reach several  
hundred dollars.

One of the Donora victims has  
already placed matters in the hands  
of detectives, but an individual can  
hardly afford the expense of a thorough  
investigation of this series of crimes.

The whole community is in jeopardy,  
and the whole community will benefit  
in a capture. A reward of \$500 offered  
by the four large towns of the sec-  
tion would be an incentive for active  
work on the part of a detective agen-  
cy.

Congressman James Francis Burke  
is reported by Chicago dispatches to  
be determined to press on the Repub-  
lican convention the question of re-  
forming its basis of representation.

His proposal is to give each State  
four delegates at large and then re-  
presentation according to Republican  
vote, one delegate to each 10,000  
votes. No intelligent man can dis-  
pute the justice and fairness of this.

It was as patently just and fair 25  
years ago when first proposed as it is  
now, except that the current manifes-  
tations present and extreme illustra-  
tion of the iniquity. It certainly  
cannot make for party strength or  
progress to have a nomination for a  
great party decided by delegates from  
States that will not give an electoral  
vote to the candidate, or to give the  
primary integer of the party in the  
South from ten to forty times as  
great a representation as the primary  
integer in the North.

Yet for some inscrutable reason  
practical politicians have persisted in  
keeping intact the power lodged in the  
hands of groups that have got pos-  
session of the party organization in  
the South. It is a scandal that it  
should continue, but the precedents in-  
dicate that Mr. Burke's effort will,  
if persisted in, be skillfully sidetrack-  
ed.—Dispatch.

Looking Backward.  
A Mississippi official tells of a col-  
ored citizen of that state who gave a  
justice of the peace a big fat possum  
as a wedding fee.

A year after the justice on meeting  
the darky asked:

"Joe, how do you like married life?"

"Well, sah," answered Joe ruefully,  
"all I kin say is I wish I'd eat dat pos-  
sum."

OSBORNE PITCHES

ELEGANT

was over. Osborne could have scored  
on the drive but took no chances and  
when Elliott beafed one he walked  
home and Cosgrove took third. Heinz  
decided there was no harm in hitting  
and sent Cosgrove home and Elliott to  
third from where he scored on Dunn's  
single. The inning was brought to a  
speedy close when Heinz and Houser  
went out on a double play engineered  
by Dempsey and Smith. Score:

CHARLEROI R H P A E  
Nally, r.....1 2 0 0 0  
Cosgrove, 2.....1 2 1 4 0  
Elliott, 1.....1 3 0 0 0  
Heinz, 1.....1 2 13 0 0  
Dunn, s.....0 1 3 6 1  
Houser, 3.....0 1 0 3 0  
Willis, m.....0 1 0 0 0  
May, c.....1 0 5 0 0  
Osborne, p.....1 1 1 3 0

Totals.....6 10 27 16 1  
SCOTSDALE R H P A E  
Ferguson, 2.....1 1 1 3 0  
McKenna, m.....0 0 0 0 0  
James, r.....0 0 1 0 0  
Washer, 1.....0 1 0 0 0  
Conar'y, 1.....0 1 7 0 0  
Smith, 3.....0 0 2 2 0  
Claybor, s.....0 0 2 3 2  
Cadogan, c.....0 0 8 2 0  
Dempsey, v.....0 1 1 0 0  
Humphries, p.....0 1 0 1 0

Totals.....1 3 24 13 2  
Charleroi.....0 0 1 0 0 1 4 x-0  
Scottdale.....0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1

Two-base hits—Humphries, Fergu-  
son. Sacrifice hits—Nally, Cosgrove,  
Elliott. Stolen bases—Claybor, Demp-  
sey and Smith. Hit by pitcher—  
Smith. Base on balls—Off Osborne  
1. Struck out—By Osborne 3, by  
Humphries 5. Wild pitch—Humph-  
ries. Umpire—McGeary.

Victory.  
Strike tuh!  
Osborne was in good form.

Humphries and Ferguson's doubles  
should have been singles.

Humphries seemed to lose his nerve  
in the eighth.

How about his umps. Must have  
come in on the last load of hay and  
hitched around the corner, judging  
from a few of his decisions.

From Saturdays exhibition the  
Cherubs are rounding in old time  
form.

The first time up Smith stepped in-  
to one and struck at it and his umps  
gave him his base. On his next visit  
to the pan he tried the same thing but  
McGeary called him out.

Smith deliberately walked from  
second to third in the second inning,  
while Osborne held the ball.

"Sunny" Price has signed with the  
Cokers, joining the team Saturday.

Dunn looks good at short.

Heinz twisted his wrist in sliding  
home but finished the game just the  
same.

One hour and thirty minutes.  
Pretty good time.

Willig made an elegant catch of  
Humphries drive in the third.

Who was it that spoke so loud  
about James? He looked very pork  
in Saturday's game.

EXPERIMENTAL MATRIMONY.

Trial Marriage Is the Rule Among  
Many Peoples.

Among many people of the world  
trial marriages are the accepted cus-  
tom. Among the Greeks "marriage" is  
considered only as a temporary con-  
venience, not binding on the parties  
more than one year, the consequence  
being that "a large proportion of the  
old and middle aged men by frequent  
changing have had many wives, and  
their children, scattered around the  
country, are unknown to them." Evi-  
dences of similar practices of experi-  
mental matrimony and connubial vari-  
ety are found among many of the  
American Indian tribes on both conti-  
nents.

In parts of Greenland six months is  
the trial dead line, husband and wife  
separating if the "two-hearts-two-  
minds" theory develops discord instead  
of harmony.

Marriage among the Botocudos, ac-  
cording to Keane, is of a purely tempo-  
rary nature, "dissolved on the slightest  
pretext or without any pretext at all  
merely through love of change or cap-  
rice."

"In Tasuanaia," says Dr. Milligan,  
"trial marriages result in a succession  
of wives."

In Samoa the wife's tenure of office  
is frequently limited to a few days or  
weeks, and marriage is sometimes only  
an excuse for the feasts and festivals  
so dear to the hearts of the pleasure  
loving natives.

In the Indian archipelago it is a com-  
mon practice for formal marriages to  
be dissolved after a period of several  
years.—Schoolcraft.

Evading the Issue.  
"Did you break this dish, Mary?"  
"No; I only dropped it.—St. Louis  
Times.

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs

Uniontown.....22 13 629  
Fairmont.....19 23 463  
Connellsville.....13 15 419  
Scottdale.....12 20 375

Saturday's Results:  
Charleroi.....6 Scottdale.....1  
Uniontown.....5 Connellsville.....3  
Fairmont.....6 Clarksburg.....3  
Ten innings.

Yesterday's Results.  
Clarksburg.....9 Fairmont.....3  
Others not scheduled.

Games Today  
Uniontown at Charleroi  
Scottdale at Connellsville  
Fairmont-Clarksburg not  
scheduled.

Short Telegrams

Staubenville, Ohio, June 14.—Fire  
of unknown origin, starting in the  
paving house of the Imperial glass  
plant here this evening, totally de-  
stroyed the plant and stock, entailing  
a loss of \$65,000, partially insured.

Leesburg, Pa., June 14.—When  
this borough won a suit recently  
against the water company compelling  
it to reduce its rate for each water  
plug, residents thought a great battle  
had been won. The water company  
has now given notice that an advance  
will soon be made in the rates for  
water for domestic use, which will  
more than make up for the loss of  
water plugs.

Butler, Pa.—Seven hundred Wood-  
men of the World marched to North  
Cemetery, where memorial services  
were held and four monuments dedi-  
cated. Addresses were made by Rev.  
Cearing Peter and Attorney S. F.  
Rowser.

Seranton, Pa.—Nazzanthe San-  
cos, an Italian merchant of Pine  
street, Danmore, was shot and killed  
not more than 100 yards from his  
home. The shooting was the outcome  
of an altercation with an unknown  
man.

Morgantown, W. Va. At a dance  
at Delislow, near hotel, George Sher-  
ton and Samuel Shaffer, well-known  
young men, quarreled and Shaffer shot  
Shaffer. Sherton was arrested.

New Kensington, Pa.—Giovanni  
Cucan, who had been missing since  
last Thursday, was found dead in the  
yard of the Allegheny Valley railroad  
here. There were no evidences of  
violence.

Fairmont, W. Va.—Glen McChoy,  
charged with the murder of George  
Hoskins during a bar-room fight here  
last November, was found guilty of  
voluntary manslaughter.

Giard, Ohio—Frank Fiest, 37  
years old, committed suicide by slash-  
ing his throat with a razor. He has  
been dependent. A wife and seven  
children survive.

Proposals Wanted.

Sealed proposals will be received by  
J. K. Boyd, chairman of the building  
committee for the construction of a  
proposed brick and stone church build-  
ing for the United Presbyterian con-  
gregation of Monessen, Pa. All pro-  
posals are to be delivered on or before  
5 o'clock p. m., June 30, 1908. The  
committee reserves the right to reject  
any and all proposals.

Drawings and specifications may be  
seen at the store of Frantz and Boyd,  
Donnor avenue, Monessen, Pa., or se-  
cured at the office of J. A. Lohman,  
Architect, Barker building, Donnor  
avenue and Sixth street, Monessen,  
Pa. 26313

Always keep a bottle of I. W.  
HARPER whiskey in sight. Good to  
look at and good to taste; and what  
is more a benefit to your health. Sold  
by W. H. Zellars. 255421-w-t

Howard's Repair Shop.

Lawn Mowers Sharpened by  
special machine.

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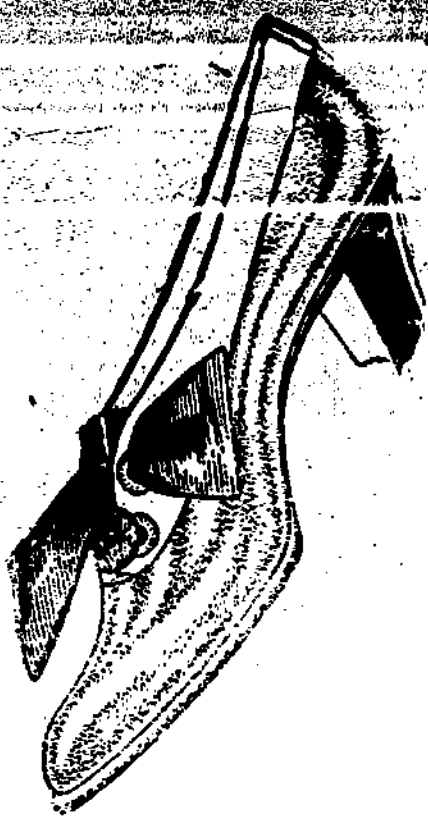
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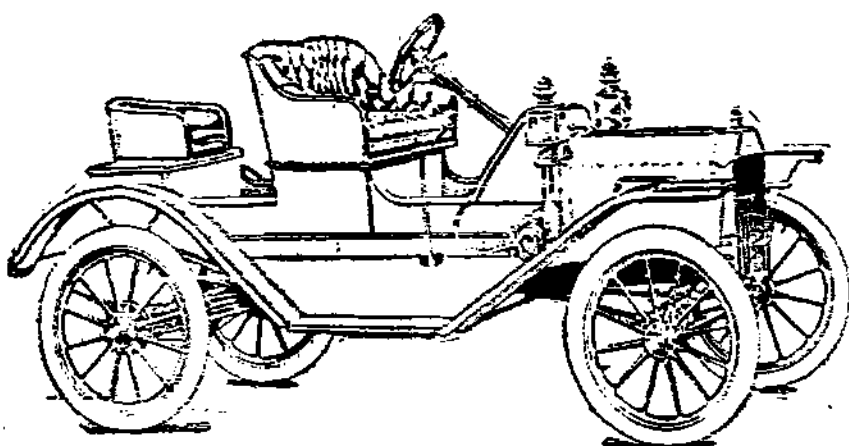
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## Taking Advantage of Leap Year.

By ANNE NEWMAN

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Dora Wright had practically mastered the difficult art of being poor when fate presented her whimsically with abundance. While she was still wondering what she was going to do with it all some relatives swooped down upon her and whisked her off to Newport for the season.

About two months later Miss Wright returned from an elaborate function very late one night, or, rather, very early one morning.

Bidding her aunt and cousins good night, she wearily ascended the stairs to her room, her shimmering ball dress billowing gracefully around her slender figure. One hour later she walked briskly down the same stairs attired in a natty linen traveling suit and carrying a small satchel.

"I am going away for a visit," she informed the astonished butler as he unlocked the front door at her command. "You'll find a small trunk."

"Please send it to this address," handing the man a card and a bill of general recommendation.



"I SHALL NEVER GO BACK," SHE SAID.

ous de-moralization. "No, thanks, I can carry this grip myself." Then she made her way to the depot.

The labors of the day were ended. Mrs. Watson and several of her boarders were out on the front porch in restful enjoyment of the "cool of the evening."

"Yes, Miss Wright's outfit is a wide swatch, according to the papers," the landlady was declaiming to the little milliner, a new boarder. "Today's Clarion said as how a female nobleman appeared to be going the inside track. That's why he's lookin' more moped than usual tonight," pointing through the open window at a solitary man in the slapping autumn rain. His head leaning wearily on his hand, an unopened paper on his lap.

"He ain't been the same man since she left," continued Mrs. Watson in a lowered voice. "In fact with her? Land sakes, I should say he was! Every one could see it except Miss Wright. Why didn't he up and tell her? Why, child, they were both too poor! Miss Wright didn't make no more'n her own keep, an' Mr. Langdon has a mother an' sister to support back in Ohio. An' when Miss Wright's uncle died an' left her all that prop-erty of course that put her out'n his reach for good. He's too proud a man to live on his wife's money. It's a dreadful pity, though, for if ever two people were cut out for each other—Just then she turned her head and saw Dora Wright walking up the path.

"For the land sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Watson. "This ain't never you! How glad I am to see you, an' how well you're lookin'!"

Considerable time was consumed in congratulations and explanations. Then Mrs. Watson hurried upstairs to see about a room for her unexpected guest, and Dora went into the parlor and seated herself beside Mr. Langdon.

"Have you missed me, Robert?" she asked.

"Missed you?" echoed Langdon. He thought how intensely he had missed her. How, during the two months of her absence, he had longed for the sound of her voice, the merry laugh in her eyes!

"It's like a dream to have you sitting beside me, Dora. I don't understand it. For the first time in years you had got comfortably away from the everlasting grind and were free to spend your time as you liked, yet here you are back again in the hot, dusty city in the middle of August. Now, Dora, what's the reason?"

"Well, one of the reasons is that this talk about money making you free is all nonsense. Money made me a slave for two months. Instead of doing what I wanted I had to do what anybody else wanted.

"I had to be outdoors when I was cold and indoors when I was hot. I had to sit through two hour dinners every night and eat things I detested. I had to dance when I was tired and when I was sick and go into ecsta-sy over somebody's dancing when I

was sleepy and my head ached. I had to ride in automobiles and go yachting. A yacht always makes me sick, and you know what I think of automobiles."

Mr. Langdon did not seem properly impressed, so Dora continued in an aggrieved voice:

"I spent hours racing around with golf sticks when I'd much rather sit down quietly with an agreeable book. It's very well to do what you dislike if you're accomplishing anything, but all this activity was accomplishing nothing except spoiling my temper and making me thin. But you haven't said yet that you were glad to see me, Robert."

Langdon's look of adoration seemed to be nothing more than she expected.

"Yes, Dora, I am glad," he said simply. "I thought you had forgotten me. I didn't blame you," he continued hastily as she made a dissenting gesture. "I was glad to think that at last you were enjoying what your beauty and your nature entitled you to and that your brave conduct in adversity was being properly rewarded. But why did you come back here, Dora? Why did you come back to this dreary manufacturing town when you had the whole world to choose from?"

Dora looked intently at him while he was speaking. She noted the wrinkles of gray in his web kept hair, the sad droop of the patient mouth, the many lines around his tired eyes.

"For more reasons than one. I knew you needed looking after, Robert. I knew you were lonely and working hard in order to forget. I knew you were tired and that your eyes were used up. I knew you felt the heat more than ever and wouldn't take any refreshing trolley rides out into the breezy country or go to any cozy little places without your old friend. Now I'm going to invade you out every afternoon, and we'll read our favorite authors in the evening, just as we used to before I became an heiress."

Langdon drew a deep breath and looked longingly at the girl, who appeared to be unconscious of having said anything unusual.

"I was tired," he said. His eyes and voice were positively near tears, the porch was deserted, and he laid his hand gently on hers. "That is the future the knowledge that you thought of me and came back to cheer me up will keep me from failure and every other ill. But you must return to your relatives. If you don't like Newport, there are other places. Travel, Dora, and get the good of the money that came to you late, but thank God, not too late!"

Dora regarded him with an amused tenderness.

"You don't know my half as well as I know you, Robert. I have no intention of going back to the relatives who ignored my very existence until Uncle Timothy left me a fortune. And I don't want to spend my money in travel at present. I came to the place I like, and here I'm going to stay."

Langdon leaned suddenly toward Dora. His pale face flushed, and his hands trembled, but he pulled himself up again resolutely.

"I'm right, though, Dora. In spite of your heavenly kindness it can't be the same as it was when we were both poor. My dear girl, don't you see that it is different?"

Dora smiled tenderly at him. "Certainly I see that it's different, because now I have the means to provide luxuriously for the old mother and delicate sister and to keep up a house for us both."

Langdon was shaking visibly.

"Dora, it will not do. Your husband must be a more brilliant man than this old friend, though he can never be a more faithful. He must be of your own age and your own financial standing. You make it hard, dear one, but you must go back tomorrow."

"I shall never go back," she said resolutely. "And I shall never have a husband, Robert, unless it is this unselfish old friend."

Langdon raised his hand to his tired eyes to hide a rush of happy tears.

"Do you mean?" he stammered.

"Yes," answered Dora gayly: "I mean this as a proposal. It's leap year, you know."

Logical.

The man wearing a "deaf and dumb" placard stood before the judge.

"Your honor," he said, "I do not wish to take undue technical advantage. I do not claim to be without hearing or speech. The words 'deaf and dumb,' without qualification, are words and nothing more. Supposing I had worn a number on a tag? Would that have made me guilty of asserting myself a dog or an automobile?"

"Moreover, your honor, a man may be deaf and dumb constructively. That's my status during business hours."

"Your reasoning is excellent," responded the court, "and, though I send you to jail for thirty days, you are not to be deprived of the right to consider yourself constructively free."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Bought the Bell.

"I was lately told a delightful story of a country looking man of a clerk in a hardware store.

"Yes, sir. Step this way," replied the young man.

The farmer picked up the largest he could find and said, "Have you no larger than this?"

"No, sir. The largest ones are all sold."

The farmer, on hearing this, turned to leave and said to himself, "When the clerk called after him."

"Look here, stranger! Take one of these small bells for your cow, and you won't have half as much bother finding her, for when you hear the bell you will always know that she can't be far off."

## OUR SAILORS' UNIFORMS.

Copied From England and Not Representative of America.

All are familiar with the American man-of-war sailor's suit, but has any one ever stopped to consider how it comes by it and what the origin of it is? With the exception of the fit itself and the stars in the corner of the collar the whole suit is copied from the English. One would have thought that by this time the American nation would have fallen upon some original costume for its navy in some way more representative of America.

In the early days of the British navy it was still the custom to tie the hair in a cue after well greasing it, but much annoyance was felt by the men in consequence of the oil getting on the rough serge of their jumpers or blouses. This caused the blue collar of the same material as the jumper to be added, but without much success, as the collar looked quite as untidy, so at length the idea of putting the blue drill one over the serge was adopted, the drill collar being a separate appendage and therefore easily washed and kept clean. The lanyard was worn to represent the ropes and rigging of the ship, and the jackknife indicated that (to be paradoxical) the bluejacket's object in life was death—to his enemy.

In those days the neck was exposed, but as time went on and more thought was given to the welfare of the men this was found to be injurious to the health; hence the substitute of the white neck dannel, white being used to give the effect of the uncovered neck.

The two rows of white braid at the top of the cuff represent England and Ireland, the one row at the bottom showing that Scotland had not become annexed. The rows of braid on the collar represent wholly and solely the victories of Nelson.

At the opening of Lord Nelson's grand career and his first great victory at Aboukir the first row of braid was put on the collar, and Jack was a proud and happy man, and he became still prouder and happier when Aboukir was followed by Nelson's greater victory at Copenhagen, and the second row was added. But he became the proudest and happiest man and, alas, also the most sorrowful and grief stricken, when that great hero and magnificent example of moral courage lost his life in his last victory at Trafalgar, and so the third row of braid went on, but there was no more to come after it, for "the last pipe" had sounded for the gallant sailor, his last fight fought, his last victory won. To signify the mourning which filled the hearts of all English sailors the black scarf was added. This was the origin of the British tar's uniform, which is both historical and biographical and dear to the heart of all English people.—New York World.

### A Rather Novel Complaint.

An English traveler once met a companion sitting in a state of the most woeful despair and apparently near the last agonies by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide-book. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous. Oh, I am a gone man; I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to!"

"Let me see the guide-book," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisonneuse" (The water of this lake abounds in fish).

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

### A Great Man's Simple Speech.

I was lately told a delightful story of a great statesman staying with a humble and anxious host who had invited a party of simple and unimportant people to meet the great man. The statesman came in late for dinner and was introduced to the party. He made a series of old fashioned bows in all directions, but no one felt in a position to offer any observations. The great man at the conclusion of the ceremony turned to his host and said in tones that had often thrilled a listening senate: "What very convenient jugs you have in your bedrooms. They pour well." The social frost broke up, the company was delighted to find that the great man was interested in mundane matters of a kind on which every one might be permitted to have an opinion, and the conversation, starting from the humblest conveniences of daily life, melted insensibly into more liberal subjects.—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and the Reader.

## CARLOTTA AND NAPOLEON

How the Crazy Empress Came to a Fulfillment.

General Thierry d'Almonde was, from 1803 to 1806 the ambassador of France in London. He was a witness of the court of Napoleon III. The most interesting and most pathetic episode which D'Almonde was a witness of, which is vividly described in his memoirs is the meeting between the young French emperor and his mother's wife, the beautiful and glorious Carlotta, who shortly before the catastrophe at Queretaro had come to Paris to invoke Napoleon's aid for the overthrow of her husband, Napoleon III, who for his own seditious purposes had by promises and allurement induced Maximilian, archduke of Austria, to accept the "stored" throne of Montezuma, and less abandoned the unfortunate prince to his cruel fate as soon as he realized his schemes to be impracticable.

Even at her arrival in Paris Carlotta's mind was already in such a state of irritation that it was de advisable to have General d'Ain at her side during the meeting with Napoleon, which took place in the "press" apartments at the Grand Hotel de Paris.

What words special interest to interview is the fact that the empress, crazed by desperation and fear for husband's safety and by Napoleon's unsympathetic attitude, hurried to the latter which in time was fulfilled to the very letter.

"The empress," says General Monto, "pleaded, partly on her own account and in the most beseeching terms, the story Frenchman to no avail. It was that I witnessed the most moving and dramatic scene of my life with grief and excitement, with drawn mouth and large eyes, sprang to her feet, extended both her hands toward the retiring emperor."

"Leave me," she yelled in a voice which cut through me like a sword, "leave me, but go laden with my curse—the same curse that God hurled at the first murderer. May your house and throne perish amid fire and blood, and when you are but in the dust, powerless and disgraced, then shall the angel of revenge I put into your ears the names of Maximilian and Carlotta!"

At Sedan and by the revolt in Paris Sept. 4, 1870, the unhappy Carlotta's curse was fulfilled to the letter.—Captain Charles Kiener in Los Angeles Times.

### An American Admirer.

In a small way an American friend in the Journal kept by Rosalie L. here during the revolutionary days, 1793 in France and published in the title, "The Last Days of Antoinette."

Rosalie Lamorriere, a girl of Picardy was servant to the queen in the chancery. "One day," Rosalie has recorded, "M. de Saint Leger, the French official, noticed that I was carrying a glass half filled with water."

"Did the queen drink the water has gone from the glass?" he asked.

"I answered that she did."

"With a quick gesture he uncovered his head and drank the water that remained with every indication of respect and pleasure."

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## Whither the Fates Call

By MARTHA COSS SANFORD.

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Elsie Reynolds had just finished her first year of teaching. She had not enjoyed the experience particularly, and now that the train was carrying her back to the east, which she loved, she wondered how she could have even half pledged herself to return to the fall. But she had, and at length she admitted to herself the reason for it. It was not the work. Work she must have somewhere, to be sure, but it was not necessary to seek it at so great a distance from home. No, it was not the work, but the friends she had made or, rather, to be strictly truthful and spare herself no blushes, it was one friend, Gilbert Chandler.

The admission came as a revelation. For six months she and Gilbert had been good comrades, and they had parted as comrades, exchanging promises to write to each other during the long summer vacation if it were not too hot and if they were not too busy, etc. But Elsie had made the identical promise to half a dozen other men, more or less, who had come to the train to see her off, for Elsie was pretty and popular and Gilbert Chandler had by no means a clear field.

And the truth been told this way any one save Elsie would have dismissed it with a smile of incredulity.

But Elsie had no intention of telling him—indeed, having discovered the state of her feelings, she had no intention of favoring him with information of any kind. Gilbert must write first. On that point she was inflexible, even after a month of anxious waiting.

Other men wrote, but the seals of their letters she broke listlessly and answered them only in the hope that through them she might hear something of Gilbert. At length they served her purpose.

Over and over again Elsie read the unbelievable words. "You've doubtless heard about Chandler's illness," the letter ran. "Pneumonia has now set in, and that, with the typhoid complications, knocks his chances for recovery about out, and just as he was beginning to be looked upon as a young lawyer who must be reckoned with. Tough luck!"

Elsie crumpled up the letter and sobbed her heart out. There was no one to comfort her, no one who would even understand.

The summer was nearly gone before Elsie received further news. Gilbert had lived through the awful crisis, but not to receive his full health. In fact, the doctors had ordered an entire change of climate and occupation, and in consequence he had given up all his youthful ambitions, said goodbye to the world of friends and activities and taken up life with his sister on a small ranch in Texas.

Then to all who knew her Elsie Reynolds did a surprising and unaccountable thing. She resigned her position in the western boarding school and accepted the thankless task of teacher in a district school in Texas.

Her alleged reason—that she was tired of civilization and hungered for primitive experience—was termed sheer madness. Yet there was no one to hold her back. She was fatherless and motherless and perforce self supporting.

For the next two years there were two very small institutions in the Lone Star State that prospered amazingly. One was a forlorn one room schoolhouse, the other a pocket handkerchief ranch which surrounded a brave but unpretentious little bungalow. In both daily miracles were happening. The schoolhouse knew all about the bungalow, but the latter had never guessed the existence of its wide awake neighbor to the west.

And when a letter arrived there one summer morning announcing that Elsie Reynolds was passing through Texas on her way east and if convenient would like to stop off for a few days to visit old friends the bungalow opened wide its doors and windows with astonishment and let the sun in like some unexpected guest come to warm and cheer its lonely heart.

During the days that must pass before she should come all was one busy whirl of anticipation. To Gilbert Chandler and his sister the actual presence of a friend from their old abandoned world would seem nothing short of a glimpse of heaven.

Arrived in its sudden acquisition of muslin ruffles and chintz flowers and quite consciously proud of its honey-suckle perfume, the little house fluttered and beamed with expectation.

At last the great day arrived. Gilbert rose early, his browned face radiant with happiness, saddled the two horses and went to meet her.

The ride back over the rolling prairie, which for each of them held its special meaning, was punctuated with things unspoken. From full hearts little save commonplace remarks reached the lips.

"You have been traveling, Elsie?" "I traveling?" She laughed back at him merrily. "Not same old story, Gilbert—traveling!"

"But you're brown as a Mexican, and you don't look the least bit fagged, though that's damning you with faint praise," he added, looking at her with very frank admiration. "Where have you been teaching?"

"Oh, let's skip sordid details," Elsie answered evasively. "Don't you love this country?"

Gilbert followed her gaze out over the luxuriant wealth of grassy meadows and beyond to the high, grim mountains.

"Yes," he answered loyally. "I do. It has given me back my life." "And Elsie it seemed as if her heart must cry out and demand the whole truth. TEST CASE NO. 10

"Do you mean that you are really glad and content to be teaching?" you are grateful just to be alive?" was the question that begged to be asked, but she forced it back reluctantly.

"Gilbert himself broke the tense silence between them. "See, there's the shack," he said joyously, indicating the little gray bungalow set cozily in its frame of orchard green.

Elsie gave a cry of delight, put her horse to the gallop and rode straight and fast toward the open door.

The rest of that light hearted, sun filled day passed like a flash. At the end of it, however, came the inevitable moment when confidence and the exchange of mutual experiences and future hopes would no longer be denied expression.

Gilbert watched Elsie's dark head resting against the vine covered post as she sat on the low steps of the porch, and his heart bounded toward her in a mighty yearning.

"It is time now to tell me where you have been these two long years, Elsie. Don't you think so?"

Elsie continued looking out on the endless stretch of prairie lawn before them.

"Right here," she said at last, sighing happily.

"Here?" questioned Gilbert in amazement.

"Well, in Texas," Elsie amended teasingly.

"Please be serious, Elsie."

"I am perfectly. For two years I've been teaching in a district school down here."

"In the name of heaven, why?" demanded Gilbert.

But Elsie would not let her hand be forced. She must know first how the game was to end.

"It is my turn to ask a question," she said. "You have succeeded here wonderfully, haven't you, Gilbert?"

As he looked down at her his smile had so much pride and pathos in it that Elsie longed to throw her arms about him and to tell him that she knew—she understood.

"Trotty well," he admitted, "for a perverted young lawyer."

"Don't," begged Elsie. "I can't bear to hear you speak like that."

"Why, bless your sympathetic little heart!" exclaimed Gilbert, noticing the tears in her eyes. "I've no kick coming over the law business. Am I not a healthy brute again? What else counts beside that?"

The joy that leaped in Elsie's heart as Gilbert spoke these words sent the color flying to her cheeks. That Gilbert might not observe her agitation she jumped up and pretended to be training a vagrant honeysuckle vine.

"But if you are really well again you'll go back to law, won't you?"

"Perhaps, some time," answered Gilbert thoughtfully. He was pacing up and down the porch now. "You see, I've been out of it now for over two years, and it would take some time to get into the running again. Down here I'm making my way far better than I hoped. I think there's a big chance for success. And I'm well here—gloriously well." He stopped speaking a moment, then added, looking wistfully into the little home and lowering his voice: "The hardest thing is having my sister go back. She's to be married this fall, you know. She's been a brick."

Emotion checked his further speech. The next moment, with a little broken sob, Elsie was in his arms, and the lovers gave themselves up to the ecstasy of their emotions.

Suddenly Gilbert held her at arm's length from him, nearly crushing her slender hands in the agony of his renunciation.

"No, Elsie," he said hoarsely. "I cannot, I will not let you. I have no right. It would be asking you to sacrifice too much for me. You would die of ennui down here."

But Elsie's eyes were shining; her face was radiant with happiness.

"You forget, dear," she said gently. "I've made it my country, too—that I have no sacrifice to make. You are my all. Besides," she added roguishly, "it's leap year, and you've no right to refuse me, Gilbert."

He began to flit.

The man whose wife often said that "he never would learn not to talk to people" looked at his seat companion and at the first opportunity broke the silence. "Traveling man, like myself?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the other. "Travel for a wool house."

"Mine's boots and shoes," said the talkative one, "but I've got a fad for golf—you see my sticks? I carry them everywhere on the chance of getting a game."

"Every man ought to have some sort of fad, seems to me. It rests him, changes the current of his thoughts. Don't you agree with me? Now, golf?"

But the other had pulled a small round box from his pocket and was ready to talk.

"Here's my fad," he broke in. "As I said, I travel for a wool firm, but this little ointment made by an aunt of my wife is my fad."

"I always carry a couple of dozen boxes with me, and, as you say, it rests me and changes the current of my thoughts. And when I find a man like you that can talk about something besides business and evidently likes to tell him the story of one of these little boxes of ointment and what it did, and if I don't convince him in half an hour that it's exactly what he needs—why, I can do it in an hour sure."

"Sling again," muttered the golf enthusiast, as he looked at the firm jaw of his seat mate.

## PERSONAL MENTION

Porn.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Henderson, of 700 McKean avenue, a day.

John S. Coad, and John W. James, of Donora, were in Charleroi Sunday calling on friends.

R. H. Rush spent Sunday in Uniontown with friends.

Miss Adele Heupel left this morning for Pittsburgh to spend two weeks with friends. She will attend the Carnegie Technical school commencement today, Tuesday and Wednesday.

C. H. Harper and brother are spending the day looking up business in Pittsburgh.

Alfred Stewart was a Sunday visitor in Gray's Landing.

C. E. Lantz is a business visitor in Pittsburgh today.

Adolph Beigel was in Pittsburgh Sunday visiting friends.

H. M. Smith was in Brownsville Sunday visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Richardson were visitors Saturday night and Sunday with friends and relatives in the country near Fayette City.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Richardson were visitors Sunday in Elizabeth.

George E. Toy has resigned his position with the Charleroi Steam Laundry and has left for his home in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Robert Mounsier, a student at Ann Arbor University, at Ann Arbor, Mich., returned home Saturday to spend the summer vacation.

Mrs. P. J. Riley has returned home after a several week's visit with relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

J. M. Whitlatch spent Sunday in Verona with his brother.

Mrs. Sara Thompson and family were Sunday guests at the home of Frank Powell, in Mingo.

Miss Florence Hill and William Youngman were visitors in Monongahela yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Reeves and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reeves were in California, Meadville and Washington Saturday afternoon, making a tour of that part of the country in the former's automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Frew, of Fallowfield avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Galey, daughter Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Mrs. S. T. Thompson of Beaver and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Walker of West Pike Run were visitors in Charleroi Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Minehart, son Tom and daughter Sara, of Pittsburgh, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Campbell yesterday.

K. W. Daly and wife were at Chalk Hill in their auto yesterday.

### JOHN AND HIS IDOLS.

The Chinaman is Utterly Devoid of Reverence in His Religion.

How the Chinaman regards his idol is told by the Rev. John MacGowan: "The Chinese is a person utterly devoid of reverence, sentiment or devotion to his religion. With him it is a matter either of fear or of business, but mainly the latter. A house is plagued with sickness, which is put down not to bad sanitation or other natural causes, but to the presence of evil spirits. This leads to a visit to the nearest temple to get the idol to drive them away. A new business is going to be commenced, but before doing so it is deemed essential to get the support of the idols. If one idol says it will not succeed another is appealed to for its opinion, and if it is favorable it is at once accepted as the correct one."

"Should the venture turn out a failure no reproach of any kind is uttered against the god whose prediction has been falsified. The man takes the blame upon himself. His character has not been pure, he says, or he was born under an evil star, or he was naturally unlucky and so was bound to fail in anything that he undertook. "Men never dream of thinking about their idols as we do about God. No affection is shown for them. It is merely amusing to watch the faces of the Chinese when you ask them if the idols love them. The eyes gleam, the face broadens into a wide grin, and soon hearty laughter is heard at this most facetious and side splitting joke." (Chicago News.)

Men's Cross. Men are dressed as they are chiefly because fewer of them look ridiculous so clothed than they would in any other costume. Modern dress is merciful to men. It gives no undue advantage to the well built and handsome. Indeed, it detracts from their appearance and modifies the figures of those not blessed with a fine physique.—Court Journal.

Out of His Mouth. His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to eat it.

"Pardon me for taking the words out of your mouth, little one," said the prophetess, interrupting a Chicagoan.

His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to eat it.

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## HERE AND THERE

Brownsville merchants will hold their second annual outing at Cascoe Park near New Castle, June 18.

South Brownsville has a debt of \$2,312.00.

Brownsville is rejoicing over the near completion of the new trolley line to that borough.

William Coulson, G. W. Hopton of Donora, and James Gillis, of Courtney, will sail for Scotland next month.

The "Home Coming" Association, of Monongahela, is meeting with grand success. "Here's how."

The arrival of a train loaded with coke at Donora is taken as a harbinger of good times.

Felix Kissabow was killed in the mines at Ellsworth on Friday.

Friday night last seems to have been "horse thieves night," as horses were stolen at McConnell's Mills, East Canonsburg and Charleroi, five in all.

A Washington Cadi Saturday. The costs amounted to \$16.52.

Thomas Miller, of Bower Hill, was arrested charged with stealing \$175 from his father.

Rev. James Bruce who graduated from the Jefferson college 53 years ago, is visiting in Canonsburg.

Donora's school board is investigating several sites.

There is a rumor going the rounds that large independent coal company's near Monongahela will be absorbed by a combine.

The record for attendance at a Sunday school convention was broken at Monongahela last week.

Finding the lamp out in the First National Bank of Monongahela, created some excitement there being thought the "pussy footed" were abroad.

Secret service men report that counterfeit notes are being circulated at Pittsburgh.

The Musical at Donora Friday night was great success every way.

Not a birth was recorded at North Belle Vernon during the month of May.

Belle Vernon is proud of the fact that but four arrests were made in that thriving town during two weeks.

The generous firm of Haber and Gripp, of Belle Vernon will give a free outing to the school children of that place. Noble men in every sense of the word.

The Belle Vernon Enterprise is enjoying strawberries presented by admiring friends.

St. Leonard's church at Monessen will be dedicated July 12, with imposing ceremonies.

Postmaster Frye of Monessen gave his employes an ice cream and strawberry lunch.

A reckless bicycle rider at Monessen was fined \$1 and costs for running down and injuring a little girl.

Monessen ladies are annoyed by a "roughhate" who commits acts of indecency near where they are.

The California Sentinel justly denounces the human fiends who "pooled" of a dog fight near that place.

A large number of foreigners at Dalistown have engaged a teacher and will study the English language.

A man who robbed his room-mates in order, as he stated, he could "find another job" got one—at the work house for a year.

### THE CHARLEROI MAIL

#### WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion is PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

WANTED—To purchase 500 to 600 acres of Coking Coal in Pigeon Creek District. Will deal quickly and will pay fair but no fancy price. J. McGowan, 233 Washington Ave., Charleroi, Penna. 26418p

LOST—Breast pin Saturday night between Seventh and Eighth street in Fallowfield avenue. Finder return to 42 Mail office and receive reward. 2641p

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 1431p

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Building McKean Avenue. Third floor front. All conveniences. Inquire George Schuyler's Office. 2641p

FOR RENT—Three rooms with bath and all modern conveniences. Inquire 327 Fallowfield avenue. 2551p

CARDS—Call and see our sample of stationery, calling cards, etc. (engraved). Charleroi Mail. 1341p